

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

"Vita Sine Literis Mors Est."

Volume VI.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, IND., OCT. 26, 1872.

Number 7.

The Words We Use.

A Poem read before the Associated Alumni of Notre Dame University, Indiana, at the Twenty-eighth Annual Commencement of that Institution, on June 27, 1872.

BY PROF. PAUL BRODER, A. M.

I.

Once in a while it may be well
One's past experience to tell,
Provided backward it doth run
One night, not more, and so, for fun,
Or for aught else, or to console
Those who were troubled through the whole
Night long, till morn, to find some beds
On which to place their sleepy heads;

II.

I here will state, with your consent,
That, like Columbus, when he went
With ninety men this land to find,
I, with ninety of my kind,
Was all last night sadly perplexed
A bed to find! When one is vexed,
This truth doth stand—as in a dream,
Things are not 'always' what they seem!

III.

While on a chair I did recline
At one this morn, a friend of mine
To me up came and said: "Well, Paul,
We've furnished beds for one and all,
With me you now will please to come,
For you I have a bed 'that's some';"
I with the *Tribune* man was able
To sleep quite sound upon a table!

IV.

To tell you more I must refuse;
My subject is—THE WORDS WE USE.

V.

The words we use! we seldom know
The depths of joy which from them flow,
Or to what griefs these words give birth,
Ah me! how few of us on earth
E'er rightly weigh the words we use!
'Most every breath we all abuse
These would-be messengers of song—
Knowing or not, we do them wrong.

VI.

The words we use—O, breathe it low!—
Were the great source of man's great woe;
Dressed in a foreign garb 'tis true,
Yet not more bright its varied hue;
"Eat of the fruit and you will know
All things," so said the serpent foe.

Frail Eve did eat—pure joy then fled—
"The serpent told me to," Eve said.

VII.

And here a truth, impearled with tears,
Weeps plain in sight; it has for years—
Men try all ways to shift the blame
That should be held up to their shame.
Eve blamed the serpent—Adam, Eve—
And we blame all! I do believe
Were Eve alone she'd eat as well,
And fabricate a lie to tell.

VIII.

I like the man, when done, that dares
To own his deeds, though censure stares
Him caustic with an eye of gall;
While true to truth, 'twere better fall
Scoffed, jeered and gibbeted, than live
Traitor to truth, though men forgive—
Think first, but when the deed is done,
'Tis yours—do not disown your son.

IX.

Though all the world were base and vile,
And scorned, and sneered; though but one smile
Of approbation ever fell,
Sparkling, along your course, to tell
That admiration does exist
For worthy deeds, yet still persist
To nobly act; you thus will find
Life's great success. Don't look behind,
To fret, and frown, and sob, and sigh.
Fortune smiles, "Forward!" Never say die!
Onward in earnest! hope is bright;
The golden sun departs at night,
But to usher in the morning.

X.

Toil nobly on! It is the drone
That's killed off from the honey; none
Of those that gathered, ever yet,
When winter came, have failed to get
What they themselves laid up in store—
Neither will you; but, nothing more!
Gather you must—up, then, and try!
When winter comes the drones must die.
Don't be a drone around the hive;
Don't be a dead man while alive;
Better to wear bright than to rust;
Like the bee, work; like the bee, trust;
Merit and worth wins the Future.

XI.

The words we use, the truths sublime
Of Holy Writ, undimmed by time,
Help to convey; in them we find
Christ lived and died to save mankind;
He suffered on the Cross, unstained;
And thus was Paradise regained.

Without this truth, eternal gloom
Would press down heavy on the tomb.

XII.

The words we use, of every age,
The grand, rich thoughts of poet, sage,
Of earth's great thinkers, living, dead,
Before us for our use outspread;
And so they place the deeds of men,
And thus the Past lives o'er again;
Thus men, though dead, yet still live on,
They're with us always though they're gone.

XIII.

The words we use, a wardrobe make,
From which, at all times, one may take
A dress to clothe each undressed thought,
Course as a rough March wind, or wrought
A thousand times more fair, more fine,
Than rosy rays of June sunshine;
The thought, the dress suit always should,
And when it fits, the style is good.

XIV.

Falsehood, like fops, runs all to dress;
The leaves the more, the fruit the less.
Why screen from sight what we would show,
Or if, forsooth, small thoughts will grow
To fill the clothes with which they're clad,
Should babes wear boots made for their dad?
Thought, like an arrow, should be sent
Straight to the mark, from bow well bent.

XV.

The words we use, their value take
Not from their texture or their make,
But from their place, as figures do,
For one sometimes counts more than two.
While here we live, and when we die,
The words we use do upward fly,
In our behalf to Him above,
For this the words we use I love.

XVI.

Great histories are words, and true,
Though brief their story; great poems, too,
Are they with melody replete;
Blank verse they have, and rhyme, and feet;
Scan each word well, and you will see
Some stenographic poetry;
Ethics and history refined
To essence pure, in them you'll find.

XVII.

The depths of ocean, dark and wide,
From mortal view vast treasures hide,
Richer than all that ever yet
On which the shining sun has set.
The fairest handiwork of God
Doth not always before us nod;
In regions wild, for aught we know,
Earth's most fragrant flowers may grow.

XVIII.

The greatest good is oft concealed
From public gaze. What is revealed
Is but a part. As on through life
We move midst toil and sordid strife,
With fevered hearts, some wayside spot,
Or humble home, or sickly cot,
Obscurely known, may be the scene,
Of seraph deeds of diamond sheen.

XIX.

The words we use I prize more dear
Than those of any other sphere;

Though we may over fair fields roam,
A stranger's land is not our home.
I like the Ancient Tongues, because
In them were written God's great laws,
And still, before them I would choose
My Mother Tongue, the words we use.

XX.

The words we use, if used aright,
Will always shed a solar light;
Than blame the words, we should sooner
Think the thought was only lunar.
We find together, and always,
The brilliant thought and sparkling phrase—
In other words, as implied back,
Not words we want, but thought we lack.

XXI.

A metal-point upraised on high,
Arrests the lightning in the sky,
While wildly leaping on through space,
So swiftly scarcely thought can trace
The track through which it flashing passed
As lurid glares o'er earth it cast;
So words well used have strength innate,
Enough to guide the march of Fate.

XXII.

The words we use could make of earth
A Paradise. All wrong at birth
Could they suppress. The wicked strife
And aims of men receive their life,
And strength, and sustenance, and power,
From words. Oft, in an evil hour,
Words that might have blessings brought
And hearts made glad, have ruin wrought.

XXIII.

Ideas, wrapped in little words,
With angel tones sing sweet as birds,
Pleading for mercy from the strong,
Or thunder out 'gainst guilt and wrong.
The words we use! Orients bright
Enough to chase away the night
Of sorrow gloomy, sprung from sin,
Which from pure bliss shuts mankind in,

XXIV.

Or rather, out, I should have said—
Night cannot unto Day be wed,
And how can Hate and Love unite
In quiet peace, if one will fight?
Darkness and Light together dwell
Beneath one roof! you could as well,
With eyes sinful, without sorrow,
See the Future through to-morrow.]

XXV.

No matin song was ever trilled
By singing bird, but always filled
The ear of God with melody,
Although none else that bird did see.
No fragrance yet by flower shed,
But upward to God's sense has sped,
And filled it with as pure delight,
As if 'twere blooming in man's sight.

XXVI.

No word of cheer, no look of love,
But bears rich fruits, here, and above;
No heart-made smile was ever cast,
Though in the dim and distant Past,
But, shining, floats twixt cloud and clod,
Beneath the radiant smile of God.
In ravelled shreds of nameless days
The vignette of our goodness stays.

XXVII.

The words we use strike deeper in-
To brains, and hearts, of living men,
Than bayonet-thrusts and stabs of swords,
And have more power, far, than hordes
Of brave men armed, and skilled to wield
Death's thirsting steel on battle-field;
And ink much nobler trophies gain,
Than gushing blood of legions slain.

XXVIII.

Truth's Godlike banner, waving high,
And streaming bravely to the sky,
With "*Right*" inscribed in love's pure rays,
Boasts not of cannon's murd'rous blaze;
With principles, as arms, it fights,
And, as allies, has *rights*, not *mights*;
In conquest onward it floats, ever
Triumphant, tyrannic never.

XXIX.

'Tis true, in many a hard-fought fight
Truth's sacred banner droops from sight;
But never sinks to suffer loss—
His Kingdom Christ gained on the Cross—
Its martyred heroes' blood is shed,
And with this dripping glory red,
In triumph loftier, again
Rising, it floats a guide to men.

XXX.

The tide of thought and feeling may
Change its course another way
Than that through which it now flows on,
But, ages hence, when we are gone,
Perhaps forgotten, there will be
True records left of all we see,
And feel, and do, to those who choose
To study well the words we use.

XXXI.

He who would seek a regal sway
That bullets cannot brush away,
Must reach the minds and hearts of men,
With words convincing. Not till then
Is any rule, or any sway,
Secure or safe. All, hail the day,
When Christian thought, in words expressed,
Shall rule the world, with wisdom blessed!

Sugar-Coated Pills.

Allow me to say, in the first place, that I have no desire to puff up pill-venders. I merely wish to show you how we often sugar-coat what would otherwise be bitter and disagreeable pills, and as editors rank very highly in my estimation I'll speak a word for them first. If they cannot accept our manuscript, they tell us that it is not suited for their paper—that they are over-stocked with matter, or that they do not feel like purchasing anything, as their regular contributors furnish them with all the matter they desire. Were they to tell us the truth—that they see no merit in our productions—we should hardly have the courage to present our wares at any other place, or have any ambition to do better in the future; so you see the pill of rejection is not so bitter to swallow if it is sugar-coated with a few words of regret at the non-acceptance of a manuscript.

The doctor tells us we are not so *very* ill as we imagine, and if *we* will only try to get well *he* will try to help us

along. Now, isn't this better than having a person with a death's-head countenance whining in our ears that death is the lot of all, and he hopes we shall be happier in the other world than we have ever been in this? He gives us a bitter pill, but forgets to put on its coat of sugar.

Then what a habit they have nowadays if rich people steal anything! Of course *they* are not thieves; it would not be polite, and might be offensive to their ears, so they have a sugar-coated pill presented to them, and are pitied for being victims of kleptomania.

Persons in society rarely kill any one from evil intentions; they are "insane," and not accountable for their own actions. They are insane enough to commit murder, yet not insane enough to be put in a lunatic asylum. What a nice thing a coating of sugar is, now, isn't it?

Then we have the shoemaker gloss over the uncouth size of our feet, and if we think No,—but I won't say how high a number fits us—is enormously large, he says he has known many ladies to wear sizes three times as large! Whether he tells the actual truth or not, of course we have no means of ascertaining, but he's an adept in the art of laying the coat of sugar thick over the pill of a big foot.

Then there's the baby! It may be as homely as an imp, and as noisy as two tom-cats, but we don't tell its parents so; we pronounce it to be the sweetest and most quiet little darling we have ever had the good luck to meet. And we twist that ugly nose—figuratively and not literally speaking—into a more perfect shape. Ah me! the sugar seems to last a great while, but you must remember that the pills are inexhaustible, and they *must* be coated to "go down" some throats.

If the children make a racking noise, to set our poor heads to aching when we are on a visit to the country, we strive to gulp down our uneasiness, and remark that children must not be expected to give up their enjoyments just on our account. It may be fibbing; but what of that? We would be most absurd to expect sacrifices simply to please us and because we are "company." Children are not so well versed in etiquette as older heads, and I don't blame them one whit, either, for going in for their rights.

I am rather afraid the clergy sugar-coat their pills, when they are talking to their congregations; they do not speak out plainly what faults they notice among us—do not point out the sins we are guilty of. They ramble to much among the flowery paths of literature and conceal all the thorns—they desire to be *popular*, and dare not "speak out in meeting."

EVE LAWLESS.

Please Pay Attention.

All mail matter intended for persons residing at Notre Dame should be addressed simply to NOTRE DAME, IND. Many mistakes have occurred and daily do occur, in consequence of addressing the letters, etc., to "Notre Dame University," or to "South Bend," or "Notre Dame, near South Bend." Remember, then, the proper address is simply "NOTRE DAME, IND.," as it is by that name our post-office is known.

CHEERFULNESS is an excellent thing, but there are times when it is as much out of place as a stern seriousness would be at a marriage feast. Students should remember this during class hours.

The Scholastic.

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NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

Rev. M. B. Brown, C. S. C., - - - - - Editor.

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Order and Perseverance.

Every sensible man who undertakes any work, however unimportant it may be, wishes to bring that work to a successful termination. Yet, notwithstanding that natural desire of success, many persons fail in their undertakings, and many others only attain a partial success.

Why is this? Is it because those who fail are incapable of succeeding? In the great majority of instances this is not the cause. The real cause of failure in most cases is the neglect of the *means* necessary to insure success. Whether this neglect arises from an inability to appreciate the value of those means, or from inattention induced by precipitation, it is often difficult to say; however, we are inclined to believe that it is the latter.

Now, in order that our young readers may have no excuse on the score of ignorance in this important matter, we will state briefly what in our opinion constitute the surest means of success.

Apart from natural ability, which the vast majority of persons possess in a sufficient degree to do well whatever they have a taste for, nothing is more necessary than order and perseverance in the carrying out of the work begun. Order consists, first, in pursuing that course, in regard to the work on hand, which nature suggests. Thus in the matter of studies, the student should pursue first those branches which are more easily understood, and which serve as an introduction to others of a higher grade. The time spent on the elementary branches, so far from being lost, will be more than compensated for by the facility of study acquired thereby, and which is necessary to rapid progress. In the second place, the time for labor should be so regulated that one duty may never interfere with another. It is wonderful to see the amount of work that can be done in a single year, by devoting even one hour each day, *regularly*, to that work. On the other hand, the man who labors for an hour one day at a certain task, and then neglects it for two or three days to give place to something else which pleases more for the time, not only retards his own progress by so much, but by contracting habits of irregularity confuses his mind and renders himself less capable of laboring with success even when he does work.

When a habit of order is once acquired, work becomes easy, and one feels encouraged by the evident progress which his regularity enables him to make. The only additional requisite to success is *perseverance*, which consists in a determined continuance of the work undertaken till it is brought to completion.

Many persons labor with energy and order for a certain time, namely, so long as they meet with no obstacles, but the moment they encounter any opposition, or any unusual difficulty, they give up to discouragement, and abandon their work, and thus not only fail in that particular case, but encourage timidity in themselves, lose all the time and labor expended up to the time of abandoning the work, and open the door to new difficulties in the next work which they undertaken.

Such persons are not likely to succeed in anything of importance. They lack determination—*perseverance*. The true rule is: Never abandon what you have undertaken to do; even should it become evident that your success will be but partial,—for, though you fail to attain the end which you proposed at the outset, you have still gained a victory by not allowing yourself to be discouraged by unforeseen difficulties—your work was a *success*—for it prepares you to meet difficulties manfully, and justifies the hope that you will *attain your object* next time.

Notes by the Way.

IN a composition on houses, one of our juvenile rhetoricians tells us that "the kitchen is the most necessary room in every house, for it is the place where food is *fixed* and made wholesome."

THE good order observed by the young gentlemen of the Senior Department who attend the class of calisthenics is highly commendable. It is quite evident that they attend this class for the purpose of improvement, and not as a mere pastime.

MR. PATRICK SHICKEY, the accommodating proprietor of the omnibus between South Bend, Notre Dame and St. Mary's, makes his regular trips daily. He is a careful and obliging gentleman, and we commend him to the patronage of our friends and visitors.

MR. E. P. DUNBAR, formerly a student at Notre Dame, is shipping agent of the Bethesda Mineral Water of Waukesha, Wisconsin. We learn from letters recently received that he ships, daily, from thirty to fifty barrels of the wonderful water.

DURING a recent visit to St. Mary's Academy, we were most agreeably impressed with the beauty of the scenery which surrounds it. The neat shady walk along the avenue especially attracted our attention, and we heartily congratulate the young ladies on the facilities which they enjoy for pleasant promenades during this delightful season.

REV. FATHER LEMONNIER, President of the University, has shown us a plan of the grounds in front of the College buildings which he intends to have put into execution at an early date. We are much pleased with it, and believe that the proposed change from the present confined appearance of the little flower-garden will add much to the beauty of the premises.

PROF. McAFFERTY closed his Course of Elocution on Tuesday of this week. His large class were unanimous in their praises of his system of teaching, and of his devoted energy in securing for them the utmost benefit of the course of instruction and practice which he gave. The Professor left for his home in Racine, Wisconsin, on Wednesday, whither our best wishes accompany him.

Personal.

REV. FATHER MAES, of Monroe, Mich., accompanied his Lordship the Bishop of Detroit on his visit to Notre Dame last Wednesday. We were glad to make the acquaintance of the Rev. gentleman and hope he will often in future favor us with a visit.

PROF. M. T. CORBY, formerly of Notre Dame, is now spending some time with his brother in Chicago, Ill. We wish him a pleasant time.

REV. FATHER McLAUGHLIN, of Clinton, Iowa, paid us a visit this week, accompanied by his brother, a talented young man, who remains with us.

REV. A. B. OECHTERING, of Mishawaka, made a short call at Notre Dame last Wednesday. We were, as ever, glad to see him, and enjoyed his pleasant conversation very much.

JOS. M. ROTHCHILD, of Louisville, Kentucky, formerly a student at Notre Dame, is now practising law in San Francisco, California. We were highly gratified by the letters recieved from him during this week.

HIS LORDSHIP the Right Rev. Doctor Borgess, of Detroit, dined at Notre Dame last Wednesday. His presence amongst us inspired all with a happy cheerfulness. During the few hours which his Lordship remained, he visited the Studios of Painting and Drawing, to examine the work of our young artists, and appeared well pleased with the evidences of talent which they manifest.

MASTER GEORGE RIOPELLE, styled in the report "the popular young Franco-American tenor," sang in the Music Hall at Chatham, Ontario, Canada, Thursday evening, Oct. 10th, 1872. Name of troupe—"Mazurette Combination." Master Riopelle pursued a course of vocal culture at Notre Dame under the direction of Prof. M. T. Corby, A.M. We feel safe in saying that the praises bestowed upon him are not undeserved.

Roll of Honor.

[Under this head are given each week the names of those students whose conduct was in every respect satisfactory during the week preceding the given date.]

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. Buter,	C. Berdel,	H. Beckman,
M. Bastorache,	R. Boyle,	J. Boyle,
V. Baca,	W. Bartlett,	L. Burridge,
G. Brown,	P. Byrne,	P. Cooney,
H. Cassidy,	W. Clarke,	A. Costello,
J. Comer,	G. Crummey,	A. Chapoton,
L. Campeau,	B. Dorsey,	J. Devine,
C. Dodge,	W. Dodge,	T. Dundon,
J. Eisenman,	T. Fitzpatrick,	M. Foote,
J. Flynn,	B. Gorman,	J. Gillen,
E. Gambee,	E. Graves,	J. Gillespie,
J. E. Hogan,	E. Halpin,	W. Hoffman,
J. Harrington,	C. Hodgson,	J. Ireland,
P. Jacobs,	T. Keenan,	A. Kreichgauer,
C. Karst,	J. Kelly,	F. Leffingwell,
P. Lilley,	J. McGlynn,	E. Morancy,
McDermott,	D. Maloney,	E. Monohan,

J. Miller,	J. Murphy,	J. McAlister,
T. Murphy,	A. Mooney, ¹	J. McCormick,
E. McSweeney,	J. Noonan,	T. Noel,
P. O'Connell,	P. O'Meara,	F. Phelan,
J. Rourke,	B. Roberts,	H. Saylor,
E. Schmidt,	G. Stack,	T. St. Aubin,
J. Shiel,	F. Scrafford,	J. Schmidt,
A. Taggart,	P. Trudeau,	S. Valdez,
W. Van't Woud,	A. Voorhees,	L. Watson,
T. White,	C. Walters,	H. Walker,
J. Wolfe,	W. Wallace,	T. Watson,
C. Wheeler,	J. Ward,	

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. Austin,	B. Baca, ¹	L. Busch,
C. Black,	G. Berdel,	C. Burger,
J. Campbell,	F. Cronin,	J. Caren,
J. Dore,	W. Dexter,	J. Devine,
M. Davidson,	F. Dowe,	J. Dunn,
J. Daly,	P. Daly,	J. Ewing,
G. Fliehnman,	J. Grace,	R. Golsen,
G. Gerew,	E. Holt,	V. Hansen,
L. Hibben,	W. Haney,	W. Kinzie,
J. Langenderfer,	L. Loser,	R. Lewis,
J. McNally,	F. McOsker,	S. McMahan,
J. Mullarky,	J. Marks,	E. Milburn,
V. McKinnon,	J. McDermott,	D. O'Connell,
J. O'Connell,	W. Pollard,	A. Ried,
C. Ruger,	W. Shephard,	D. Salazar,
A. Schmidt,	A. Schiffer,	J. Stubbs,
H. Schaller,	P. Tansey,	S. Wise,
W. Hake,	T. McGee,	A. Kleine.

J. F. EDWARDS, *Secretary.*

Class Honors.

[Under this heading will appear each week the names of those students who have given satisfaction in *all* studies of the Class to which they belong. Each Class will be mentioned every fourth week, conformably to the following arrangement. First week, the Classes of the four Collegiate years, (Classical and Scientific); second week, those of the Commercial Course; third week, those of the Preparatory; fourth week, Music, Fine Arts, Modern Languages, and special Classes.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18.

SENIOR CLASS.

P. O'Connell,	T. Dundon,	M. Foote,
	J. McCormick,	

JUNIOR CLASS.

J. D. Hogan,	T. White.
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SOPHOMORE CLASS.

W. Clarke,	L. Hayes,	D. Maloney,
R. Staley,	C. Dodge,	W. Dodge,
	F. Leffingwell.	

FRESHMAN CLASS.

J. Eisenman,	E. Graves,	C. Walter,
J. E. Hogan,	H. Walker,	E. Monahan,
M. Bastorache,	J. Caren.	

SOME of the "big" Seniors envy the Minims their afternoon lunch, and say "Oh would I were a boy again!"

Arrivals.

James Brogan,	Dexter, Michigan.
Bernard Zellner,	Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Edward Mullen,	Watertown, Wisconsin.
John Brennan,	Alton, Illinois.
Louis H. Munn,	Fort Wadsworth, Dakota.
James Williams,	Sorinsville, Indiana.
James Halloran,	Sorinsville, Indiana.
Francis Mulligan,	Harris' Prairie, Indiana.
John D. Wilson,	Hillsdale, Michigan.
John Q. Robbins,	Danville, Illinois.
B. P. McNaughton,	Buffalo, New York.
A. H. Mitchell,	Chicago, Illinois.
Philip Corbett,	Anderson, Indiana.
Emile Miller,	Terre Coupee, Indiana.
E. J. McLaughlin,	Clinton, Iowa.

Correspondence.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
MEMRAMCOOK, NEW BRUNSWICK,
October 14, 1872.

EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC: As by request made by you last August, I drop you a line or two from that part of her Britanic Majesty's domains known as New Brunswick. Now this part of New Brunswick is, by no means, one of those great centres where news of all kinds can be had without seeking it. I shall, therefore, in this epistle confine myself to short descriptions of two events of importance which have excited us—namely, our trip to Moncton, and the celebration of the eighth anniversary of the founding of our College.

As to our trip. There are so many romantic little villages in our neighborhood that it was difficult to choose which of them to honor with our presence. There was Richibucto, Bonetouche, Kouchibouguac, Ardoine, Co-caigne, Chockfish, Barachois, Abouchagan, Tiguish, Schoudouc, Petit Codiack, Sackville, Moncton, Joggino, Tantramer, Jollicure, Missiguash, Shemogue, Shediac, Shepody, Midgie, Musquash and Monash.

Now, Mr. Editor, don't you think *you* would be puzzled, were you forced to choose which one of the above-named villages you would visit? However, the boys chose Moncton as the lucky village, the Professors chose it, and what is more the President chose it, and so to Moncton we went.

The day selected for the trip was the 10th of October, the anniversary of the opening of the college. All speeches, etc., prepared for that day were accordingly postponed until the 13th. The 10th was a beautiful day, so early in the morning some ten or twelve large vehicles were driven up to the college, and these were soon filled with Professors grave and students gay. Ah! it was a glorious sight as they wheeled away from the college. The college band, under the able leadership of Napoleon Bourque, discoursed "their level best," and cheer upon cheer rent the air. The sky was clear, and the Autumn sun shone bright and warm. The Memramcook River sparkled and laughed as she flowed through her winding channel to the sea. On either side of the river, to be seen for miles, were the broad fertile meadows on which the "cattle of a hundred hills" fed lazily. These meadows ended in long rows of hills covered with evergreens and

the scarlet-clothed maples. While afar off, miles away in the eastern horizon, like rugged mountains covered with the frosts of a hundred years, stood the cold white fog of the Bay of Fundy!

But sights like this will not hold in spirited horses, nor boys bent upon fun, nor even solemn Professors. Off went the horses, tra-la-la went the band, and we were on our way to Moncton.

The jokes cracked, the songs sung and the sights seen along the road need not be rehearsed here. Suffice it to say that after we had passed through a part of the veritable "forest prime-evil" (of which see Longfellow) we arrived at the quaint, un-American town of Moncton. We saw none of that bustle so noticeable in the smallest of the towns in the Great Republic. There are not many Catholics living in Moncton, so you may judge there was considerable surprise, manifested by the inhabitants on seeing men dressed in *soutanes* walking the streets of their village. After partaking of an excellent dinner we returned to the college by way of Petit-Codiack, a small village settled by Acadiens. I did not see many kirtles nor hoods: they have progressed!

On the Petit-Codiack River can be seen every day a very curious phenomenon. This is what is called "The Boar." The first wave of the tide is about five or six feet high, extending the whole breadth of the river. As the wave ascends you can see a moving perpendicular wall of water advancing at the rate of six miles an hour. The noise it makes resembles that made by a train of cars when moving rapidly. It is a very beautiful sight to see the "Boar" advancing; but it is a dreadful "bore" to wait a half an hour for it to come.

So much for our trip to Moncton. On the 13th the celebration of the eighth anniversary of the college took place. It consisted of addresses, speeches and music. Some of the music was furnished by the college band, which is quite an "institution" here. It is well conducted and would be a credit to any locality. The singing of Prof. Ranguet was much admired, as was also the solo of Mr. Daniel Costigan. The choruses were very well rendered, while the music on the piano by Messrs. Ranguet and Flaherty was excellent. Addresses and speeches were delivered by Messrs. Blodgett, Fidèle Bellevue, Bourque, Connea, McGill and Philip Bellevue—some in French, others in English. All were very creditable to the speakers, well written and well delivered. At the conclusion Very Rev. Father Lefebvre addressed the students. His remarks were received with much applause. Father Geoffrio displayed much critical skill and literary taste in conducting the entertainment. Adieu.

"BLUE NOSE."

Society Reports.

MR. EDITOR: I believe no report of the Boat Club has been sent to you yet. The Club had not been fully reorganized till lately, or you would have heard from us sooner. The officers are as follows:

Director—Rev. A. Lemonnier.

President—Prof. M. A. J. Baasen.

Secretary—J. D. McCormick.

Treasurer—P. J. O'Connell.

Commodore—D. E. Maloney.

Captain of "Pinta"—P. J. O'Connell.

Captain of "Santa Maria"—J. M. Rourke.

The Club at present numbers twenty-two members.

Respectfully yours,

Mc.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, October 24, 1872.

The festive entertainment prepared for St. Edward's Day, (Very Rev. Father General's Patronal Feast), was, owing to the sad event already noted, laid aside, and the Pupils simply expressed to him their sentiments of grateful affection, in the form of addresses from the different Departments and Classes. The general Address was read by Miss B. Crowley; the Senior Address by Miss A. Lloyd; the French Address by Miss N. Gross; German Address, Miss L. Pfeiffer; Address from the Junior Department, by M. Faxon; Minim Address, little S. Lynch. We give below the Address from the Junior Department:

OUR DEAR AND VENERATED FATHER GENERAL:

The Autumn winds are sweetly sighing,
The Autumn leaves around us flying,
O winds and leaves what do ye say?—
The winds respond, "A song I'm singing,"
The leaves respond, "A mantle bringing."
And why O winds, are ye thus singing?
And why O leaves a mantle bringing?
The winds respond, "I, a welcome sing
To Father General." The leaves, "I bring
A carpet fair to deck the earth
As tribute to his fame and worth,
In honor of his festal day,
The feast of one whose prayers and toil
Have changed these woods and untilled soil
To verdant fields, and fragrant groves
Where Innocence in safety roves.
He placed these fields and groves so fair
Neath Mary's sweet protecting care,
And that is why we sing so gay
And deck the earth on his festal day."

The summer birds, their flight delaying
To southern climes, with us are staying,
The air around with music filling—
Say, Summer birds, why are ye trilling?
Why in this northern clime delay?
The birds respond: "We love to stay
To honor dear St. Edward's Day,
For his loved client lets roam
In freedom round this peaceful home;
No cruel sportsman dare us harm,
Nor cruel boys cause us alarm,
And that is why we sing so gay
In honor of St. Edward's Day"—
Now, a tintinabulation swells
From many merry music bells,
Now and again a booming note
Comes from the Big Bell's mammoth throat,—
Now chiming bells, what do ye say?
The bells respond: "We chime and play
Because we feel so very gay—
This is our Father's festal day.
'Twas he who gave us this high place
In the belfry here; baptismal grace,
And to each a pious, holy name;
Now we his goodness shall proclaim,
And chime, and sing—and chime away
In honor of St. Edward's day."

Our own St. Joseph's rapid river,
In whose bright waves the sunbeams quiver
Goes dancing by in measure gay.
Oh why, bright river, are you dancing
With the myriad sunbeams brightly glancing.
St. Joe replies: "I dance with pleasure,
To a graceful, gliding, rippling measure
In honor of St. Edward's Day—
For 'tis the feast of that holy priest
Whose pious zeal on my banks did raise
A temple to the Virgin's praise,
Where youth are taught true wisdom's ways
And as I go on my winding way
I dance for joy, while the sunbeams play
In honor of St. Edward's Day."

Now, our dear and venerated Father General,
If leaves, and winds, and birds, and bells,
And e'en our own St Joseph tells
Of favors given to them by thee,
Ah Father! how much more should we,
Who owe so *much* to your fostering care,
We, who your tenderest kindness share,
Give vent to thoughts of gratitude,
And, when the past we have reviewed,
Your festal day to us appears
Linked with many happy years;—
Those years seem like a golden chair
Whose brightness shall undimmed remain
Till to your little ones 'tis given
To touch the link that binds to heaven.
Oh Father, may we children prove
E'er worthy of your care and love,
And when you rest from labors hard
May Heaven bestow its rich reward
On you, our Father. Oh we shall pray
That every blest St. Edward's day
May increase your peace and true renown
And add a jewel to the crown
You'll wear when at our Saviour's feet
St. Edward shall his client greet
And there, dear Father, may you meet
All those who in their tender youth
You taught to love God's Law and Truth
For in our joy you'll find reward
For all your care and labors hard.
But by our thanks we'll try to cheer
Your heart, dear Father, while you're here,
And all unite, from first to least
In wishing you a happy Feast.

Your ever grateful JUNIORS.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,

Feast of St. Edward, 1872.

The visit of Right Rev. Bishop Borgess to St. Mary's was one of the pleasing events of the week. The coming of new pupils is a daily affair, and we find that the larger the number of pupils the greater the energy and the more lively the competition in all the classes.

ARRIVALS.

Miss Nellie Keedy,	Cleveland, Ohio.
" Jennie Tallman,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Mary A. Gregg,	Jackson, Michigan.
" Nellie Hinkston,	Waukegan, Illinois.

TABLET OF HONOR IN SR. DEPT FOR OCT. 20.

K. Zell, M. Cochrane, A. Mast, A. Shea, B. Crowley, L. King, M. Lange, A. Todd, M. Kearney, A. Clarke, V. Ball, I. Reynolds, R. Devoto, M. Brown, R. Spier, G. Crapser, M. Comer, L. Black, A. Lloyd, M. Prince, I. Wilder, M. Quan, B. Reynolds, L. Daly, B. Grace, J. Tucker, K. Finley, M. Letourneau, A. Church, E. Haggarty, S. Shipley, C. Creveling, N. Ball, J. Fanning, A. Keeline, L. Weinreich, M. Riley, J. Noonan, E. Boyce, M. Layfield, A. Hambleton, M. A. Roberts, K. Miller, L. Ritchie, L. Beckman, A. Reid, M. E. Roberts, E. Quinlan, M. McGuire, A. Conahan, M. Pinney, J. Connors, M. Dillon, M. White, L. Forrester, E. Drake, R. Marr, J. Valdez, R. Manzanares, H. Miller, R. McKeaver, L. Schiber, L. Lilly, F. Snoffer.

TABLET OF HONOR IN JR. DEPT. FOR OCT. 16.

E. Richardson, A. Smith, K. Joyce, L. Tinsly, M. Faxon, E. Parker, L. Harrison, F. Lloyd, A. Walsh, M. Hepp, A. Gollhardt, M. Martin, G. Kelly, A. Lynch, N. Vigil, S. Lilly, M. Brown, M. Walsh, J. and M. Thompson, B. Hessler, A. Noel, M. Reynolds, R. and G. Hooley, A. Rose, M. and A. Ewing, B. Pfeiffer, E. Jackson, E. Lappin, M. Hughes.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Second Senior Class.—E. Richardson, A. Smith.

Third Senior Class.—K. Joyce.

First Preparatory Class.—L. Tinsely, M. Faxon.

Second Preparatory Class.—E. Parker, L. Harrison, L. McKinnon, F. Lloyd, A. Walsh.

First Junior Class.—M. Brown, K. Schmidt, A. Noel, M. Reynolds, A. Burney, K. Lloyd, A. Rose, M. Carlin, M. Ewing.

Second Junior Class.—E. Lappin, E. Lang, A. Ewing, K. Botton, E. Hessler, S. Lynch, F. Kendall, A. Paulson.

Third Junior Class.—M. and C. Hughes.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Misses B. Crowley, L. King, A. Todd, K. Zell, A. Shea.

First Senior—Misses M. Comer, M. Kearney, A. Clark, N. Gross, V. Ball, R. Devoto, M. Brown, D. Green, L. Niel, G. Crapser, L. West, R. Spier, A. Reynolds, L. Black.

Second Senior—Misses E. Haggerty, A. Church, M. Letourneau, K. Finley, J. Tucker, L. Dent, L. Ritchie, M. Wicker, B. Reynolds, M. Quan, J. Kearney, I. Wilder, M. Prince, A. Lloyd, E. Plamondon, S. Shipley.

Third Senior—Misses C. Creveling, N. Ball, G. Walton, A. Keeline, A. Clark, L. Weinreich, M. Riley, J. Noonan, E. Boyce, M. Layfield, A. St. Clair.

First Preparatory—Misses M. A. Roberts, E. Wade, B. Wade, K. Miller, E. Crawford, L. Ritchie, A. Reid.

Latin—Misses L. King, G. Crapser.

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President A. D. White, of Cornell University.

Professor Alex. Winchell, Michigan University.

Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, of Michigan University.

President Porter, of Yale.

Professor C. H. Hitchcock, of Dartmouth.

Professor John Bascom, of Williams.

Professor James D. Dana, of Yale.

Professor A. E. Dolbear, of Bethany.

Professor J. B. Sewall, of Bowdoin.

Professor J. P. Lacroix, of Ohio Wesleyan University.

Professor Oliver Marcy, of Northwestern University.

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